

EXPOSITION IN GLADDEST ARRAY

San Diego Affair, After Gala Opening, Settles Down for Year's Run.

THROGS VISIT WONDERS

District of Columbia Day Celebrated January 18—Special State Ceremonies Arranged.

San Diego, Cal., Jan. 18.—With the tumult of the opening night and New Year's Day diminishing, the San Diego Exposition has settled down for its all-year "run," with activities scattered over the entire space of 214 acres. With the exception of Nevada, whose large building is situated on the Alameda, the Western States have their buildings along La Via de los Estados, on the lower plateau, and from early morning until late at night open house is maintained in all these buildings for the entertainment of visitors from other sections.

The main buildings are closed at sunset to allow for the installation of fresh exhibits, but along El Prado, on which they are located, and in the various plazas there continue special evening events in the way of concerts and pageants until midnight, when the gates are closed. This rule did not operate on New Year's eve. It was just at midnight that President Wilson, in Washington, pressed the telegraph key which officially opened the exposition, threw on all lights at full voltage and set off the array of fireworks at the lower end of the Plaza de los Estados.

Enthusiasm Manifest.

At that moment there broke loose all the enthusiasm of the 4,000 people who had been pouring through the gates since sunset, many in carnival costume, and all lightly clad for wandering about in the balmy climate of New Year's in Southern California. The label of noise which started them did not end until nearly sunrise, when the crowd gathered to come back for the more dignified ceremonies of the following day, in which were figured Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, representing President Wilson; Secretary Lyman J. Gage, Count del Valle de Salazar, representing Alfonso XIII of Spain; John Johnson of California; Gov. Spry of Utah; Lieut. Gov. de Baca, of New Mexico; Rear Admiral T. R. Howard, commanding the Pacific Fleet; John Barrett, director of the Pan-American Union, representing the Latin-American nations; and other celebrities.

On the following day, when the military and naval parade, in which there were representatives of all branches of the army, the Fourth Regiment of United States Marines, the Pan-American Legion, the men of the U. S. S. San Diego, Rear Admiral Howard's flagship, and a large array of semimilitary and seminautic organizations. From Mexico came a military detachment just now uncommitted with the revolution in the republic twenty miles away. From Portugal came the Royal Portuguese with their own band, the members of the society had in their summer flannels, from Italy and Idaho came delegations by a special train, and the nearer States of the Southwest sent their representatives in imposing array.

Special State Ceremonies.

On each Monday will be a special ceremony for one of the States of the Union. January 18 was Arkansas day; a week later came Delaware day; with January 18 set for the District of Columbia, and January 25 for Georgia. The population of Southern California is made up largely of people who have come from other States, and these local residents supply the nucleus for the State day celebrations. All State societies are fully organized for this purpose.

The "Isthmus" has achieved a notable popularity. From sunset of December 31 it has been crowded with visitors swarming through the main entrance along its 300 feet of frontage. They have spent hours in the painted desert, watching the Apache, the Hopi and Zuni and Aztec and other Indian life, and the varied arts and crafts. They have wandered about among the palms and banana trees and pineapple shops of the Hawaiian village, and seen the natives and their life, and watching the hula dancers. They have strolled through the streets of Japan and the depths of underground, and seen the life of the other curiosities of what is asserted by San Diego to be the greatest amusement street in exposition history. The many attendants the best index to the justice of the boast.

PARIS MUST GO TO BED BY LIGHT OF THE STARS

Government Orders All Lights Out in Houses at Night, Fearing Air Attack.

Paris, Jan. 17.—Appended to the official communiqué last night was the following note:

"The measures for the lowering of the public lights of Paris, which have been adopted for several weeks as a precaution against a raid by the enemy's aeroplanes, which might have escaped the fire of our artillery, cannot be really efficacious unless the lighting of private houses, business places, factories and establishments open to the public is modified in a corresponding manner.

"The military government of Paris, in accordance with the Prefect of the Seine and the Prefect of Police, has just submitted to the national government measures which will be made known to the public as soon as they are approved. Their object is to diminish until further orders the intensity of the illumination in private houses, prescribing especially the extinction of exterior lights and of the lights in the show windows, the closing of exterior and interior shutters of private houses, or in default of this the placing of a blind, or curtain, to veil the light.

"Identical precautions will be taken in the suburbs of Paris, especially in regard to factories where work is continued at night and from which the light is visible at a great distance."

OFFICERS CALLED HOME.

War Preparations Also Include Purchase of Medical Supplies.

Copenhagen, Jan. 17.—All Swedish officers in Persia have been ordered home according to a dispatch from Stockholm, and Sweden is buying \$500,000 worth of medical supplies.

The foregoing dispatch would indicate that Sweden is making preparations for eventualities that may force her into the war.

Oregon Sails for Panama.

Seattle, Wash., Jan. 17.—The famous battleship Oregon, Commander Joseph Mason Reeves, bound for the Isthmus of Panama to lead the international fleet through the canal, sailed from the Puget Sound Navy Yard today.

You Get the Greatest Satisfaction Out of Your Photograph by Not Having It Taken—By Goldberg.

Copyright, 1915, by R. L. Goldberg.



PHONEY FILMS-NO. 145.

THE GREAT WHITE WAY

By O. O. M'INTYRE.

(Special Correspondence of The Washington Herald.)

New York, Jan. 17.—Harry Thaw, who believes in "seeing America first," has been sending out thousands of letters to people in New York in an effort to prove that some New York newspapers were not so shocked by the killing of White until the powerful "millionaire white slave ring" exerted its influence to punish Thaw and keep him in jail.

One of the Thaw letters was received by a prominent Broadway stroller, who immediately read it to a party of friends. "Well," said one, "what do you think of his efforts to prove he is being mis-treated?"

The Broadway stroller replied: "I'm a very much of the actor out of a job who approached a grouchy manager."

"All right," growled the manager, "make me laugh."

Charles Vion, a theatrical manager well known on the Rialto, was seated in the box office of a theater in a town in Italy recently when a man came in and handed him a note from Robert H. Davis, the Munsey editor.

"Please boot this boob through the green house doors and into a seat and charge it to me," said the editor.

"Bob Davis requests that you be admitted," said Vion to the man. "Go right in."

"Thanks," replied the other, "Bob is a very dear friend of mine."

New York is quietly facing a staggering problem with its unemployed. Not only has it its own deal with but thousands are coming in from other cities. The unemployed man knows that he can at last get a bed and a bite to eat here.

In the meanwhile the city realizes that it is a short slide from unemployment to the condition of a human derelict. There are thousands of men, old, young and middle-aged, on the streets, clutching their hats and coats, and shivering in the cold.

The problem is not so much to shelter the men and feed them, but to keep alive the spark of courage to help themselves. It is a man-saving, man-making job.

It was a cold-blooded tale of gangster that Robert Crosby, "The Rabbit," told in describing how he shot down John Hurst at a dance in Greenwich Street. "The Rabbit" admitted that he had never seen Hurst before, but merely fired the shot at the solicitation of his pal after having himself with a pinch of cocaine.

He swore that he merely "croaked" a guy he had never seen to please the leader of the dance. One gang leader is more dangerous than a hundred of his satellites. He teaches them, inspires them and brutalizes them. He furnishes

them food, drink and "pal"—male or female.

If their spirit fails he supplies them with false nerve in the form of cocaine.

The Twilight Sleep Committee will hold a meeting in the ballroom of the Hotel McAlpin on Wednesday, January 20, at 8 o'clock. Among the speakers will be Miss Margaret Tracy, whose articles in McClure's Magazine first roused interest in twilight sleep—three of the American women whose babies were born in Freiburg by the twilight sleep method, also some of the twilight sleep mothers whose babies have been born in America. If possible, some of the babies will be present.

Miss Flora La Follette will speak on "What Twilight Sleep Means to the Mothers of the Future."

The officers and members of the committee are Mrs. Mary Ware Bennett, chairman; Mrs. Fenwick W. Ritchie, secretary; Mrs. Temple Emmett, Mrs. Mark Boyd, Miss Margaret Tracy, Mrs. Francis X. Carmody, Miss Rose Young, Miss Rheta Child Dorr, Miss Flora La Follette, and Mrs. Julian Heath.

Mrs. Lois Pierce-Hughes, who is in charge of the women's floor of the Hotel McAlpin, will address the delegates to the Drug and Chemical Exposition at the Grand Central Palace on Thursday, January 21. Her subject will be "The Stranger Within the Gates."

Mrs. R. W. Hawkesworth and Mrs. M. D. Groner, who conduct the department of fashion teas for February, the prettiest models in New York will demonstrate the new spring styles between dances. Mrs. Groner has also arranged for a series of Pavlova dancing teas at the Century Theater starting Wednesday, February 3. Tea will be served Russian style on the stage. Mrs. Groner has also arranged for a series of Pavlova dancing teas at the Century Theater starting Wednesday, February 3. Tea will be served Russian style on the stage. Mrs. Groner has also arranged for a series of Pavlova dancing teas at the Century Theater starting Wednesday, February 3. Tea will be served Russian style on the stage.

The Black Cross Society of the United States, whose collective motto is "Charity Begins at Home—Feed America First," gave a subscription dance at the Hotel McAlpin ballroom, which was very well attended, and from a financial standpoint will net a substantial addition to the treasury. Exhibition dances were given by Miss Irene Samderson, of the Russian Imperial ballet, Miss Weinstein of the Metropolitan Opera House forces, and Miss Athena, the Spanish dancer. Other women's clubs were represented by Mrs. Henrietta Strauss and Mrs. Madeline Kropf, of the Round Table Club; Mrs. Marie Cross-Nehaus, president of the Society Beaux Arts; Mrs. Lillian Thomas Schmidt, of the Gamut Club, and Mrs. John Francis Wagner, president of the Black Cross Society, and Mrs. Beatrice Goldie, president of the Bel Canto Club.

Wine, the entertainment committee in charge of the affair. In the throng were noted Dr. and Mrs. Louis A. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Glenn.

Things that never happen.

Copyright, 1915.

NO THANKS I COULDN'T USE IT—I MADE A RESOLUTION ON NEW YEAR'S DAY TO STOP SMOKING FOR A YEAR AND I WOULDN'T CARE TO BREAK IT!

He came in big, glowing and clumsy. The little room seemed full before he got farther than the doorway. Peggy, in her chair before the fire, half turned, just enough for him to see the topological expression.

"Peggy!" he exclaimed delightedly, coming forward.

"Come, even Joe," evenly. "You chose a nice night to come so far. Won't you sit down?"

Joe sat down on the other side of the fireplace as though cold water had been thrown on him. He might have expected it, especially after last meeting, when Peggy had told him she wouldn't give up her career for any man in the world.

But he had hopped up eagerly, refusing to acknowledge defeat with the same persistence that Joe, which was foolish. He brought him luck in the business world. He rebounded characteristically now.

"You look awfully sweet, Peggy. Aren't you glad to see me?"

"No," deliberately.

"I wouldn't have come—only I thought of something after—after we'd been talking the other night."

She didn't answer.

"You see, shifting uneasily, 'if you would marry me, you could go ahead with your singing just the same as ever. You could sing just as well as Margaret Farrell Sturtevant, as you can as Margaret Farrell. Now, couldn't you? That wouldn't be interfering with your career, would it? And, Peggy, you used to care a little for me!'"

She watched the fire a minute, retreating. "It's hard to be cross with you, Joe. You just won't let people will you? I'm going to be extra nice now and explain."

"You see, Joe, your plan won't work for a hundred reasons. You love a home. You're a regular home man if there ever was one. I can't make a home. It isn't in me. I have everything about a home. If I wasn't sure before, I am now after being here two

THE GREAT WHITE WAY

By O. O. M'INTYRE.

(Special Correspondence of The Washington Herald.)

New York, Jan. 17.—Harry Thaw, who believes in "seeing America first," has been sending out thousands of letters to people in New York in an effort to prove that some New York newspapers were not so shocked by the killing of White until the powerful "millionaire white slave ring" exerted its influence to punish Thaw and keep him in jail.

One of the Thaw letters was received by a prominent Broadway stroller, who immediately read it to a party of friends. "Well," said one, "what do you think of his efforts to prove he is being mis-treated?"

The Broadway stroller replied: "I'm a very much of the actor out of a job who approached a grouchy manager."

"All right," growled the manager, "make me laugh."

Charles Vion, a theatrical manager well known on the Rialto, was seated in the box office of a theater in a town in Italy recently when a man came in and handed him a note from Robert H. Davis, the Munsey editor.

"Please boot this boob through the green house doors and into a seat and charge it to me," said the editor.

"Bob Davis requests that you be admitted," said Vion to the man. "Go right in."

"Thanks," replied the other, "Bob is a very dear friend of mine."

New York is quietly facing a staggering problem with its unemployed. Not only has it its own deal with but thousands are coming in from other cities. The unemployed man knows that he can at last get a bed and a bite to eat here.

In the meanwhile the city realizes that it is a short slide from unemployment to the condition of a human derelict. There are thousands of men, old, young and middle-aged, on the streets, clutching their hats and coats, and shivering in the cold.

The problem is not so much to shelter the men and feed them, but to keep alive the spark of courage to help themselves. It is a man-saving, man-making job.

It was a cold-blooded tale of gangster that Robert Crosby, "The Rabbit," told in describing how he shot down John Hurst at a dance in Greenwich Street. "The Rabbit" admitted that he had never seen Hurst before, but merely fired the shot at the solicitation of his pal after having himself with a pinch of cocaine.

He swore that he merely "croaked" a guy he had never seen to please the leader of the dance. One gang leader is more dangerous than a hundred of his satellites. He teaches them, inspires them and brutalizes them. He furnishes

them food, drink and "pal"—male or female.

If their spirit fails he supplies them with false nerve in the form of cocaine.

The Twilight Sleep Committee will hold a meeting in the ballroom of the Hotel McAlpin on Wednesday, January 20, at 8 o'clock. Among the speakers will be Miss Margaret Tracy, whose articles in McClure's Magazine first roused interest in twilight sleep—three of the American women whose babies were born in Freiburg by the twilight sleep method, also some of the twilight sleep mothers whose babies have been born in America. If possible, some of the babies will be present.

Miss Flora La Follette will speak on "What Twilight Sleep Means to the Mothers of the Future."

The officers and members of the committee are Mrs. Mary Ware Bennett, chairman; Mrs. Fenwick W. Ritchie, secretary; Mrs. Temple Emmett, Mrs. Mark Boyd, Miss Margaret Tracy, Mrs. Francis X. Carmody, Miss Rose Young, Miss Rheta Child Dorr, Miss Flora La Follette, and Mrs. Julian Heath.

Mrs. Lois Pierce-Hughes, who is in charge of the women's floor of the Hotel McAlpin, will address the delegates to the Drug and Chemical Exposition at the Grand Central Palace on Thursday, January 21. Her subject will be "The Stranger Within the Gates."

Mrs. R. W. Hawkesworth and Mrs. M. D. Groner, who conduct the department of fashion teas for February, the prettiest models in New York will demonstrate the new spring styles between dances. Mrs. Groner has also arranged for a series of Pavlova dancing teas at the Century Theater starting Wednesday, February 3. Tea will be served Russian style on the stage. Mrs. Groner has also arranged for a series of Pavlova dancing teas at the Century Theater starting Wednesday, February 3. Tea will be served Russian style on the stage.

The Black Cross Society of the United States, whose collective motto is "Charity Begins at Home—Feed America First," gave a subscription dance at the Hotel McAlpin ballroom, which was very well attended, and from a financial standpoint will net a substantial addition to the treasury. Exhibition dances were given by Miss Irene Samderson, of the Russian Imperial ballet, Miss Weinstein of the Metropolitan Opera House forces, and Miss Athena, the Spanish dancer. Other women's clubs were represented by Mrs. Henrietta Strauss and Mrs. Madeline Kropf, of the Round Table Club; Mrs. Marie Cross-Nehaus, president of the Society Beaux Arts; Mrs. Lillian Thomas Schmidt, of the Gamut Club, and Mrs. John Francis Wagner, president of the Black Cross Society, and Mrs. Beatrice Goldie, president of the Bel Canto Club.

Wine, the entertainment committee in charge of the affair. In the throng were noted Dr. and Mrs. Louis A. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Glenn.

Things that never happen.

Copyright, 1915.

NO THANKS I COULDN'T USE IT—I MADE A RESOLUTION ON NEW YEAR'S DAY TO STOP SMOKING FOR A YEAR AND I WOULDN'T CARE TO BREAK IT!

He came in big, glowing and clumsy. The little room seemed full before he got farther than the doorway. Peggy, in her chair before the fire, half turned, just enough for him to see the topological expression.

"Peggy!" he exclaimed delightedly, coming forward.

"Come, even Joe," evenly. "You chose a nice night to come so far. Won't you sit down?"

Joe sat down on the other side of the fireplace as though cold water had been thrown on him. He might have expected it, especially after last meeting, when Peggy had told him she wouldn't give up her career for any man in the world.

But he had hopped up eagerly, refusing to acknowledge defeat with the same persistence that Joe, which was foolish. He brought him luck in the business world. He rebounded characteristically now.

"You look awfully sweet, Peggy. Aren't you glad to see me?"

"No," deliberately.

"I wouldn't have come—only I thought of something after—after we'd been talking the other night."

She didn't answer.

"You see, shifting uneasily, 'if you would marry me, you could go ahead with your singing just the same as ever. You could sing just as well as Margaret Farrell Sturtevant, as you can as Margaret Farrell. Now, couldn't you? That wouldn't be interfering with your career, would it? And, Peggy, you used to care a little for me!'"

She watched the fire a minute, retreating. "It's hard to be cross with you, Joe. You just won't let people will you? I'm going to be extra nice now and explain."

"You see, Joe, your plan won't work for a hundred reasons. You love a home. You're a regular home man if there ever was one. I can't make a home. It isn't in me. I have everything about a home. If I wasn't sure before, I am now after being here two

THE GREAT WHITE WAY

By O. O. M'INTYRE.

(Special Correspondence of The Washington Herald.)

New York, Jan. 17.—Harry Thaw, who believes in "seeing America first," has been sending out thousands of letters to people in New York in an effort to prove that some New York newspapers were not so shocked by the killing of White until the powerful "millionaire white slave ring" exerted its influence to punish Thaw and keep him in jail.

One of the Thaw letters was received by a prominent Broadway stroller, who immediately read it to a party of friends. "Well," said one, "what do you think of his efforts to prove he is being mis-treated?"

The Broadway stroller replied: "I'm a very much of the actor out of a job who approached a grouchy manager."

"All right," growled the manager, "make me laugh."

Charles Vion, a theatrical manager well known on the Rialto, was seated in the box office of a theater in a town in Italy recently when a man came in and handed him a note from Robert H. Davis, the Munsey editor.

"Please boot this boob through the green house doors and into a seat and charge it to me," said the editor.

"Bob Davis requests that you be admitted," said Vion to the man. "Go right in."

"Thanks," replied the other, "Bob is a very dear friend of mine."

New York is quietly facing a staggering problem with its unemployed. Not only has it its own deal with but thousands are coming in from other cities. The unemployed man knows that he can at last get a bed and a bite to eat here.

In the meanwhile the city realizes that it is a short slide from unemployment to the condition of a human derelict. There are thousands of men, old, young and middle-aged, on the streets, clutching their hats and coats, and shivering in the cold.

The problem is not so much to shelter the men and feed them, but to keep alive the spark of courage to help themselves. It is a man-saving, man-making job.

It was a cold-blooded tale of gangster that Robert Crosby, "The Rabbit," told in describing how he shot down John Hurst at a dance in Greenwich Street. "The Rabbit" admitted that he had never seen Hurst before, but merely fired the shot at the solicitation of his pal after having himself with a pinch of cocaine.

He swore that he merely "croaked" a guy he had never seen to please the leader of the dance. One gang leader is more dangerous than a hundred of his satellites. He teaches them, inspires them and brutalizes them. He furnishes

them food, drink and "pal"—male or female.

If their spirit fails he supplies them with false nerve in the form of cocaine.

The Twilight Sleep Committee will hold a meeting in the ballroom of the Hotel McAlpin on Wednesday, January 20, at 8 o'clock. Among the speakers will be Miss Margaret Tracy, whose articles in McClure's Magazine first roused interest in twilight sleep—three of the American women whose babies were born in Freiburg by the twilight sleep method, also some of the twilight sleep mothers whose babies have been born in America. If possible, some of the babies will be present.

Miss Flora La Follette will speak on "What Twilight Sleep Means to the Mothers of the Future."

The officers and members of the committee are Mrs. Mary Ware Bennett, chairman; Mrs. Fenwick W. Ritchie, secretary; Mrs. Temple Emmett, Mrs. Mark Boyd, Miss Margaret Tracy, Mrs. Francis X. Carmody, Miss Rose Young, Miss Rheta Child Dorr, Miss Flora La Follette, and Mrs. Julian Heath.

Mrs. Lois Pierce-Hughes, who is in charge of the women's floor of the Hotel McAlpin, will address the delegates to the Drug and Chemical Exposition at the Grand Central Palace on Thursday, January 21. Her subject will be "The Stranger Within the Gates."

Mrs. R. W. Hawkesworth and Mrs. M. D. Groner, who conduct the department of fashion teas for February, the prettiest models in New York will demonstrate the new spring styles between dances. Mrs. Groner has also arranged for a series of Pavlova dancing teas at the Century Theater starting Wednesday, February 3. Tea will be served Russian style on the stage. Mrs. Groner has also arranged for a series of Pavlova dancing teas at the Century Theater starting Wednesday, February 3. Tea will be served Russian style on the stage.

The Black Cross Society of the United States, whose collective motto is "Charity Begins at Home—Feed America First," gave a subscription dance at the Hotel McAlpin ballroom, which was very well attended, and from a financial standpoint will net a substantial addition to the treasury. Exhibition dances were given by Miss Irene Samderson, of the Russian Imperial ballet, Miss Weinstein of the Metropolitan Opera House forces, and Miss Athena, the Spanish dancer. Other women's clubs were represented by Mrs. Henrietta Strauss and Mrs. Madeline Kropf, of the Round Table Club; Mrs. Marie Cross-Nehaus, president of the Society Beaux Arts; Mrs. Lillian Thomas Schmidt, of the Gamut Club, and Mrs. John Francis Wagner, president of the Black Cross Society, and Mrs. Beatrice Goldie, president of the Bel Canto Club.

Wine, the entertainment committee in charge of the affair. In the throng were noted Dr. and Mrs. Louis A. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Glenn.

Things that never happen.

Copyright, 1915.

NO THANKS I COULDN'T USE IT—I MADE A RESOLUTION ON NEW YEAR'S DAY TO STOP SMOKING FOR A YEAR AND I WOULDN'T CARE TO BREAK IT!

He came in big, glowing and clumsy. The little room seemed full before he got farther than the doorway. Peggy, in her chair before the fire, half turned, just enough for him to see the topological expression.

"Peggy!" he exclaimed delightedly, coming forward.

"Come, even Joe," evenly. "You chose a nice night to come so far. Won't you sit down?"

Joe sat down on the other side of the fireplace as though cold water had been thrown on him. He might have expected it, especially after last meeting, when Peggy had told him she wouldn't give up her career for any man in the world.

But he had hopped up eagerly, refusing to acknowledge defeat with the same persistence that Joe, which was foolish. He brought him luck in the business world. He rebounded characteristically now.

"You look awfully sweet, Peggy. Aren't you glad to see me?"

"No," deliberately.

"I wouldn't have come—only I thought of something after—after we'd been talking the other night."

She didn't answer.

"You see, shifting uneasily, 'if you would marry me, you could go ahead with your singing just the same as ever. You could sing just as well as Margaret Farrell Sturtevant, as you can as Margaret Farrell. Now, couldn't you? That wouldn't be interfering with your career, would it? And, Peggy, you used to care a little for me!'"

She watched the fire a minute, retreating. "It's hard to be cross with you, Joe. You just won't let people will you? I'm going to be extra nice now and explain."

"You see, Joe, your plan won't work for a hundred reasons. You love a home. You're a regular home man if there ever was one. I can't make a home. It isn't in me. I have everything about a home. If I wasn't sure before, I am now after being here two

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Copyright, 1915, by R. L. Goldberg.

HELP WANTED—MALE.

WANTED—MEN TO REPRESENT FIRM manufacturing high-class specialties experience not necessary. Salary and traveling expenses paid. Send 2¢ for sample and name to avoid delay. 7175 MOULTON SALES CO., 7 Water street, Room 511, Boston, Mass.

EXCEPTIONAL executive position with established office. Licensed and bonded private detective agency; references exchanged; nominal amount of capital necessary; money secured by real estate and otherwise. Address BOX 12, Herald office.

RAILWAY MAIL AND POSTAL CLERKS EX-aminations soon; over 2,000 openings; 10th Precinct at home. Write for Plan No. 12, of latest apt. appointment. PHILADELPHIA BUSINESS COLLEGE, 401 Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

WOMAN COOK, FIRST-CLASS ONE, who can make own desserts. Call at 140 N. 14th St. Penn. ave. n. w. up stairs.